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"Till the Sun Gives Up its Dead"

He called away—“for the sun was
Overhead, fast, but they could not stay

He left on his long life’s journey,

He whistled a tune, he sang a lullaby,

The voices ended that called him home;

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

The sun gave up its dead.

That covered a thousand sunny graves,

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

Away to the forest South he sailed;

The song of the North remained.

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

He called a thousand shadowy meals

In his own body’s ringing song and sail;

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

You will not find me singing now,

For you will not find me sailing now,

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

He called a thousand shadowy meals

In his own body’s ringing song and sail;

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

Unshaded women in raiment very bright

They of your hours in the pale mid day

Whispered the soft song that became dear,

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”

“Till the sun gives up its dead.”